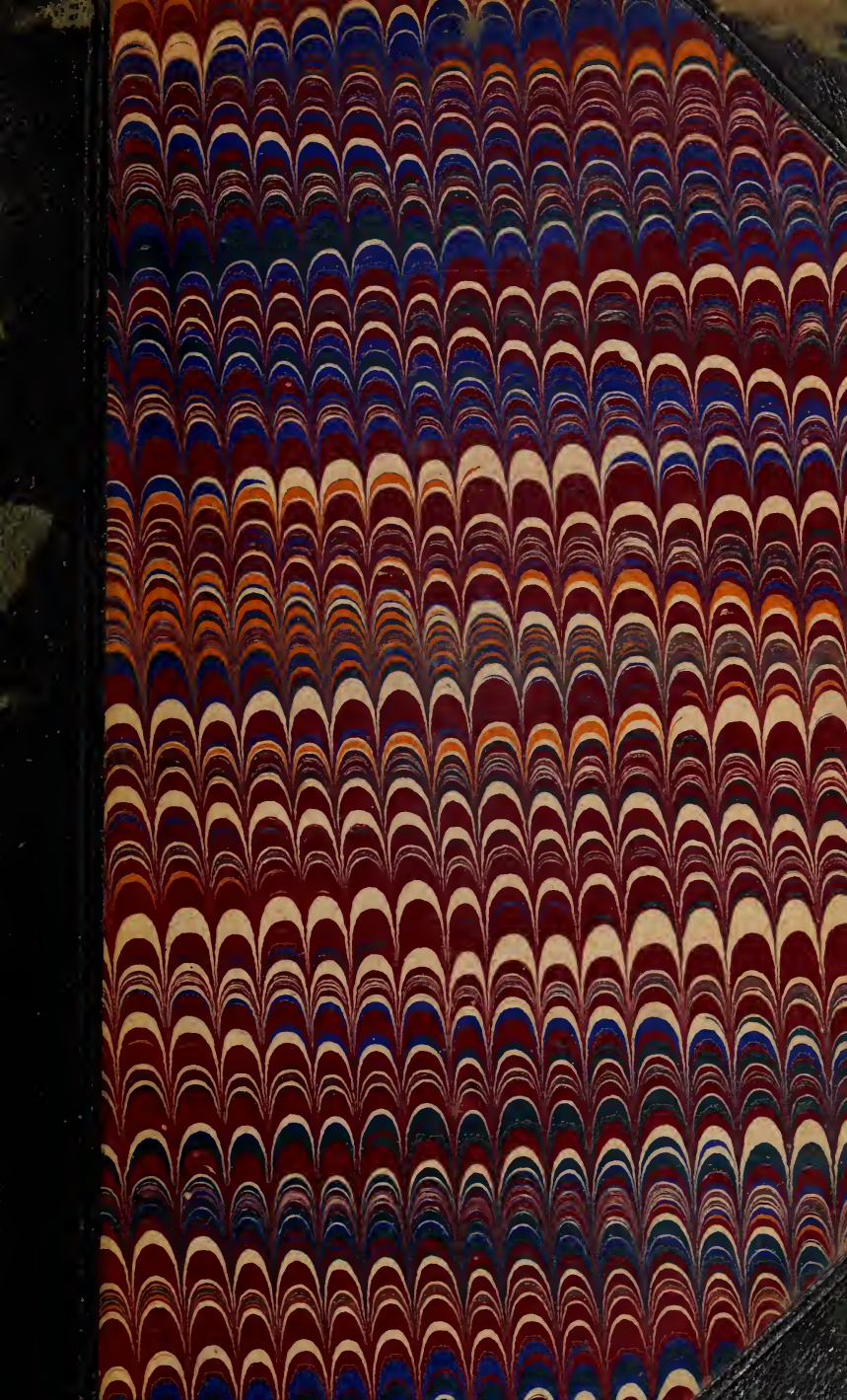

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THE

MISSIONARY LINK

FOR THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America

FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

VOL. 10. JANUARY, 1879. No. 1.

FOR the first time we present our readers with an illustration in our little messenger. This we are enabled to do through the kindness of the American Tract Society, which thus introduces to many who have not seen it, one view of our attractive "Home" in Yokohama, the centre of so much light and blessing. As each friend looks at it, we trust a prayer may be offered for the dear workers who call it home, and for the young girls who are there learning what it means to follow Jesus.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

INDIA—Calcutta.

Letters from MISS HOOK.

(*Com. by Germantown Aux. to Phil. Br.*)

NATIVE VILLAGES.

Sixteen miles from Calcutta by what is known as the Port Canning road, is the Sonopare Station. Leaving the cars there and going over a rough but bright red road that forms a pleasing contrast with the emerald green of the luxuriant vegetation,

winding in an indescribable manner through shady trees and jungles, every few moments coming unexpectedly upon a tank brilliant with white and crimson pond lilies in half an hour many villages are reached. They are thickly scattered over the country. A path across lots makes but a short walk, one from another, but around tanks and jungles the distances are considerable. These villages are unlike those of New Jersey, of which country an American is reminded by the red roads. No graceful spires point towards heaven, but almost concealed beneath the trees are low mud huts with thatched roofs and high mud walls enclosing each individual plot. Usually a door in a wall is entered from the road, a path leads around the house to the back and there is the front entrance to the house. Do not imagine that these villages are inhabited only by the lower and laboring classes; many of the highest caste of Brahmins and some very well-to-do Babus live in these humble villages. The majority, however, are farmers. Fruit and vegetable gardens abound, and large quantities of produce are brought by the railway to the Calcutta bazaars. All the way after leaving Calcutta the railroad runs through a country devoted to the cultivation of rice. It is curious to see the farmers at work in their rice fields. Each man's field is separated from his neighbor's only by a little ridge of earth that is brought together and patted hard by the hands. The plant is in various stages of growth, the most advanced beginning to head, others being transplanted. The laborers stand in water up to the knees, to place the plant in its right position under water. This would discourage a less patient race than the Bengalis. Others again are ploughing, the water rising nearly to the bodies of the oxen. A man stands on a little place on the plough, the whole entirely hidden under water, and the guiding of the furrows must be a work of faith, for no sight could penetrate the foot depth of muddy water. These poor rice-producers must become a semi-aquatic race.

Here and there between the villages one finds a large family homestead occupied by wealthy Babus, some of whom come to Calcutta for business and go home once a week or perhaps daily.

In one of these large houses we have a school, where the people have kindly allowed us to occupy a room on the ground floor. The day I visited it fifty-one little girls were diligently pursuing their studies. After devoting a little time to them we were invited to go in the house to see the ladies. We mounted to the second story and were very soon surrounded by a great number who issued from doors in every direction. The little children seemed countless and on enquiry we were told that there were about fifty women in the house. Surely this is a mission-field indeed.

We had heard that some years ago when boys' schools were opened in that place, one little girl was so desirous to learn that she disguised herself in boys' clothes and for some time studied with them. It becoming known that girls were so anxious to learn an effort was made that resulted in the opening of a girls' school. We enquired about that girl and a fine looking straight young woman was pointed out to us. She had a fire in her eye that is not often seen in the melting eyes of the Bengalis. She had an infant in her arms and another little one was clinging to her dress. She came forward and seemed much pleased to meet Miss Caddy whom she recognized. The school she had attended had been taught by Mrs. Nichols, who many of our readers may remember was one of our missionaries a few years ago. Wherever we went we were warmly welcomed and were much struck with the vast numbers of people and the fresh beauty of the women and girls. For some years we have been working in this district, but had been obliged to reduce our labor in consequence of the difficulties of carrying it on at so great a distance from our Home in Calcutta. The people there being very anxious to have their girls taught have been sending us petitions to return and do more for them, consequently a Christian Pundit and his wife have been engaged to reside there, open and superintend more schools. A small house with one room has been secured, and on the 16th of August we commence work. Once a month a number of us will go and make a thorough examination of all the schools and zenanas. We will have only three schools—one is taught by a

poor widow, who, when a little girl, was instructed by Mrs. Mullens. Another had been a pupil in one of our schools, is now a widow, very poor, and glad to get the little sum that we pay her. The Babu comes to us very highly recommended by missionaries who have known him for several years, and we hope, not only by his teachings, but by the example of a well-ordered family, he may be a valuable assistant to us, and a blessing to the people of these villages. He seems to possess a true missionary spirit, and manifests an eager desire to reach the heathen by engaging the Babus in conversation when he is not occupied in school. Having been brought up a heathen he is well acquainted with their modes of thought and knowing the difficulties that beset a true enquirer, he is eminently fitted to win souls.

EFFORTS FOR NATIVE TEACHERS.

* * I have before spoken of the native Christians, and detailed some of the hardships that fall to their lot. Food of all kinds is so high that it is a struggle for life with some. It has been a good rainy season, and there are hopes of plenty for all in the future ; but the present must be endured a little longer. We have not the means to assist our teachers as much as we would like ; but by our sympathy and little kind attentions, we try to cheer them. In order to give them a little treat, we invited them to spend the evening with us and bring their husbands, many of whom I had never seen. They came, and brought not only their husbands but children also.

The first class from the "Foundling" came to meet them, and a few of the missionaries who understand Bengali. Our drawing room was so full, that there was hardly space for cakes and tea to be passed around. After tea was over, there was singing of hymns in Bengali, English and Hindu, after which the evening was closed with prayer by a native clergyman. All seemed very happy, and many expressed thanks for the pleasant evening.

The wife of a native pastor of a large church in Calcutta was my interpreter ten years ago, when I began work in Cal-

cutta. On seeing the husband of one of our teachers, I recognized a man who was a coachman when first I came to Calcutta. He was converted and baptized, and afterwards did his work so badly, that we were obliged to send him away and really thought him a failure. For a long time we lost sight of him, and you may imagine when I enquired eagerly of his past career, with what pleasure I learned, that on leaving us, he found an opportunity of devoting himself to study, and acquired the Hindu and Persian languages, so that he can preach in both of them, beside the Bengali, and has a fair knowledge of English. He is a catechist and does mission-work, and can trace the conversion of forty heathen to his instrumentality.

Now we can see that the cause of his being so poor a servant was that his taste was literary; and when he turned his attention to study, he succeeded better than he did in taking care of horses. How little can we tell which are the ones whose work God will bless! Sometimes, those about whom we are are the most discouraged. It is a lesson I shall long remember, and recall, when I feel inclined to be disheartened by the inefficiency of a native teacher. To us they may seem weak, but a poor trusting heart in its feeble efforts to serve God may please him better than the strong self-reliant one, who trusts in his own strength.

Letter from Miss Hatchell.

BITS OF CHEER.

While I was waiting in a house for the woman to finish eating her rice, her mother brought the baby for me to see. The mother has been engaged some months in making little garments after the English patterns I have taken her, and the baby looked very pretty and clean, dressed all in white. They are very rich in the house and the Bo is a Rajah's grand-daughter, so they can afford to spend some money on baby-clothes. As they had given me a seat in a room I had not been in before, and there was a chance of my being kept waiting some time, I began to look around me. In the room was a bedstead,

writing-table, chair, sofa, and glass-case full of books. Books also were scattered about all over the room, on the ground, and sofa too, and they seemed to be on all subjects, theological, scientific, etc.

My next house is quite a contrast, and so awfully dirty that I take each step with fear and trembling. It is hard work sometimes to find a spot dry enough to step on. My pupil here is between twelve and thirteen years old, and is not allowed to go to school because she is maimed. Her younger sisters can read quite well. I found one of them a girl not ten years old with Moore's "Paradise and the Peri" in her hand which she was reading.

One day stopping at one of my schools to leave some books as it was to close, and I was going to their home, I took five of the smallest children with me in the carriage. They were delighted at getting a ride and ran into their house shouting out, "we came in the Ma'am's carriage." One little one who had played truant came out, and the other called out, "Lohkie why did not you go to school to-day? You lost a ride." One day in hearing the school children recite their catechism and Bible verses, I found that some of the elder girls who were new, had not learned theirs, because their mother had forbidden their reading Christian books. As I could not see their mother I told them to say that the lady would be obliged to send them home altogether if they did not learn the lessons she gave. I did not hear any more on the subject but the lessons were learned from that time.

One day, instead of the usual reading lesson, as I found one of my pupils looking at stereoscopic views and she was very much interested I told her something about the pictures. They were nearly all American views with some German and Swiss, but wherever there was the slightest resemblance to anything in India, somebody had given the scene an Indian location. I found views of the Alps marked as different views of the Himalaya, etc. The pupil was quite disappointed when she found that these were not real pictures of her own country. This Bo's husband is a lawyer. One day I found her in a great

state of excitement. One of their holy men, called Jogees had come to the house begging. On her coming downstairs to give him a few pice, he had laid hold of her hand and threatened to take off her gold bracelet. There was nobody just then in sight, and the men of the house were all out but she screamed, and all the women came together, when he let go her hand, but threatened her with all sorts of misfortune for the next fifteen years. Of course he never showed himself at that house again.

Our work sometimes takes us into very disagreeable localities. One evening as I was walking down a narrow lane, some Babus as they passed, stopped and asked me what I came to such bad lanes for. I replied, to teach and see their women. Another day a Babu met me at the foot of the stairs in one of the houses and asked me to lend him "Pilgrim's Progress" to read. He said he would read it through in a week and return it the next time I came. I did not have it there, but promised to take it to him. The women, too, when they can read, borrow books of us, so I find it a good plan to fill up my hand-basket with little books and pictures to attract their family and keep some employed while I hear the others recite.

Letters from Miss Sunder.

PROGRESS EVERYWHERE.

The work here is steadily increasing, and more zenanas are open to me than I can attend to. An interest seems to be arising in the Mahomedan zenanas, for the men evince a desire for their women to be educated. I was taken by the native teacher to one of these homes, and have since regularly visited it. My pupil is very interesting and intelligent, but I find all Mahomedans are less inclined to read the Scriptures than Hindus. However I made my pupil understand that we never taught without giving a Bible lesson. When I first began teaching here she knew neither English nor Bengali, and I did not know Hindustani, excepting a hymn which I had learned. I procured a copy of the Scriptures in Romanized Hindu, and committed to memory the Lord's prayer and some hymns. One day some of her people were about her, and I

proposed that they should learn also. I was grealy astonished at another visit by being accosted by a Babu with "Good morning. You have come so far for tuition." I recognized the husband of an old pupil, who used to oppose my visits because I taught the Scriptures. He now directed me to go to his house, as he had moved. * * *

When I examined one of my schools, I found the pupils had memorized much of the catechism, and could answer clearly any where in the first thirteen chapters in the "Peep of Day." They can sing six hymns very nicely, and though this may seem a very small number, we must realize how difficult it is to get them to learn a tune. It is a great deal to think that so many are carrying all this Scriptural knowledge into their houses, and in most cases singing these beautiful words.

I have been taking a little charge of the native teachers for the last few months, and hold a prayer meeting with them every Saturday at eleven. I am in hopes that by praying with them, and for them, and getting them to pray for each other, we may do them good. I attend church with them every Sunday, and find it makes them more regular. I took them to the Zoological Gardens one afternoon, with which they were delighted. My Sunday class at the Foundling Asylum continues to do well. One of my girls, Bessie, was moved to tears. I have gained an insight into the state of her mind, and last Sunday she prayed in Bengali. It did my heart good to know that one soul has been won for the Redeemer.

THE SHRINE OF KALI.

I have long been wishing to pay a visit to the shrine of the Goddess Kali. I had an opportunity the other morning, so we formed a missionary party and went to the place. The people were assembled in great crowds, and I counted quite a goodly number of those who had brought down the sacrificial kid. I could not help seeing much that was scriptural in all that they did. The officiating priest blessed the animal, and holding its ear whispered into it, after which the man who made the sacrifice had to put his hands on its neck. A further incantation followed, and last of all the slaying of the animal.

I saw a number of bright little girls, and in stopping to speak to them I found that these little creature had been given by their parents to be temple girls. How sad I felt to think what the future of these bright intelligent creatures would be ! There were a few aged devotees about. I remarked one woman in particular, who had a vessel of Ganges water in her hand, and once in a while sprinkled a few drops on the altar or block where the kids were to be slain. All the while she was supposed to be praying, and I believe that she will continue this until all the water has been used from the vessel. Poor ignorant people, their whole idea seems to be atonement, penance and mortification ! I felt indignant at their priests, and at the impositions there practised. A great bell hung before the goddess, and men and women were literally pushed on to ring it. The moment it struck, coppers were demanded from them, and there were very few who dared to refuse to give them. Another thing that struck me was this. Three or four men had quantities of garlands of flowers in their arms, and as each worshiper passed out, one was thrown over his neck, or if he carried a child in his arms, it was thrown over it, and as instantly the hand was put out for something in return, even if it was only a copper. I think I only saw two men who had the courage to throw the garland back. The longer you are with these people, the more one sees the dreadful superstition, the hideous idolatry

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Letter from Mrs. Weitbrecht.

From a private letter we give the testimony of an outside witness to our work.

While I was in Calcutta, which I left in April, I constantly saw dear Miss Marston, and others of your band of sisters—a very united, most lovable, and devoted band they are. I also went to some of their zenanas and schools. I was deeply interested to observe the love they had won from their pupils, and the influence they had evidently acquired. I saw one dear lady who had suffered much from anguish of heart, because her desire to confess the Saviour whom she loved, by baptism, was

denied her, and she showed us a text she had worked on perforated paper, and hung up in her husband's study, in hope it might touch his heart. I saw others, who would if they might, come out as Christians, but the poor women cannot, and the men are too timid to risk all and follow Christ. If only it would please Him to fulfil His promise and pour out His spirit, hundreds, yea, thousands are instructed, and numbers are really believing, and would be found ready to arise and stand up an army for Jesus. I had real enjoyment in intercourse with your dear missionary ladies ; they are so simple-minded, and whole-hearted, and they are also, I can truly add "lovely and of good report." I was so delighted to see among them some of the good girls we have trained in our mission. The missionaries spoke of these trained teachers as some of their most effective helpers, they know the language so well.

Mrs. Page writes : I will tell you what some of the poor heathen women out here do. If one of them loses a child, she immediately fancies that some evil spirit who has a spite against her, has carried the little one off ; but, in order to get hold of the child, the evil spirit must have been cognizant of its name, so the mother thinks she will manage better next time, and outwit the devil. If another child is born to her, she gives it no name, simply calling it "girl" or "boy," as the case may be, and now as the evil one has no handle to lay hold of, the child is comparatively safe, and may grow up and live. Some mothers will for years keep a boy dressed in girl's clothes, in order to deceive the devil !

Miss Caddy tell us : I have visited a new pupil who heard the Gospel message for the first time, and seldom have I seen any one manifest so great and so sincere an interest in the things concerning our salvation. She expressed real pleasure that I had come to visit her. "I have never heard anything like it before" and "How could I know about it when none told me," constantly escaped from her lips.

INDIA—Allahabad.

Letter from MISS JONES.

(*Communicated by Philadelphia Branch.*)

DAY BY DAY.

Last Tuesday when I visited one of my women who is always very pleasant, she took me up-stairs into a small room where her mother was lying on a bed. The mother is also a young woman, but has been ill for a long while. I had a pleasant talk with her, and soon she happened to raise her hand, and to my surprise I saw that the nail of the little finger on one hand was almost as long as the finger itself. She has made a vow to some one of the idols that she will not cut this finger-nail until she obtains a blessing which she has asked. Then she will cut it before the idol and offer it as a sacrifice !

She seemed pleased with our conversation about Jesus and His loving kindness to the poor and afflicted while on earth, and about the bliss of Heaven. May Jesus reveal His saving power that she may have Heaven for her home !

The next house which I visited is one where I have been teaching several months. The Bo ceased reading for a while, but at last sent for me, saying she wanted to begin again. I went, and she told me that her young babe had died. Before I could express my sympathy for her, she said, "God is very unkind." I tried to show how good and loving He was, but she said, "If He is loving and kind, why did he take my child ?" It was hard to make her understand that God had sent this for her good, and to draw her to Himself. She seems more reconciled now, and is proceeding with her studies.

In another family a little girl reads with me, and sometimes her mother. The latter is very bigoted, and so holy that she will never touch me, nor take anything from my hand. She has read the Bible, and knows a great deal about Christ's miracles and sayings and doings while on earth. She knows her own sacred books as well, and delights in making comparisons and trying to convince me that their Krishna was like our Christ. The last time I was giving the little girl a lesson, the

mother came and sat down on the floor in front of me. After listening for a while, she began telling me about the miracles of Jesus. "But," she said, "if all this is true, and Jesus is the Son of God, why does He not show me that He is, by some miracle now? Why does He not send me many rupees and make me wealthy and happy. I believe in Him, but I want to see that He is God." I told her that she did not really believe in Jesus, or she would not want to see in order to be convinced. I told her that if she really believed in Jesus, that He would save her from her sins and make her happy in His love, which would be a greater miracle and a richer blessing than sending her wealth. She hung her head for a while and then said: "Ah! well, he is your God, and will do these things for your people, but we have our gods." I asked her if their gods could save them. At first she seemed inclined to say they could, but afterwards acknowledged that they had never yet done anything for her.

STRONG BONDAGE.

I have in my work a young widow in whom I am much interested. She is only about seventeen or eighteen years old, still she is subject to all those rigid formalities peculiar to widows. She dresses in a plain, coarse sarree, wears no ornaments, and has her hair shaved close to her head. She is the servant of the whole family, and is compelled to go through those disgusting poojahs, frequenting bathings and fastings set apart for widows. Notwithstanding her miserable, unhappy life, she always wears a bright smile, and seems so intelligent and cheerful that one enjoys being with her.

She generally has good lessons, and always takes a great interest in the Bible lesson. I often have long, earnest talks with her. Not long ago we were speaking of how Jesus loves the sinner, and how willing he is to save us. I told her that no ceremony, nor bathing in the Ganges would avail her anything, but if she would just believe in Jesus with all her heart He would save her from her sin. I then began my lesson with the other Bo, but the widow stopped me by saying, "Mem

Sahib you say no one can save me but Jesus—but my husband is dead, and I have no one in the world. Our customs are very hard, and our people tell me God is angry with me, that is why my husband died. God does seem angry, and I fear He will never have mercy on me." A short time afterwards I visited her, and, to my surprise, she would not touch me, nor come near me, but sat quite a distance away from me, and read her lesson. She had always been perfectly free with me before this, but this day she had been to bathe in the Ganges, I suppose, and had been blessed by their Brahmin priests, and was too holy to come near a Christian. She seemed somewhat ashamed of it, and when I asked the cause of her acting so, she would not answer. It pained me very much, for I had hoped that she had received deeper impressions for good.

Letter from Miss Roderick.

THINKING PUPILS.

I will introduce you to some of my pupils, in whom I cannot help feeling interested at seeing the progress which they have made in their studies. One has been awakened to see the falseness of the religion of her forefathers, but she has not been able entirely to shake off the trammels and prejudices of old associations. She cannot understand why the religion which has been in existence from a remote period, according to Hindu reckoning, should have no claims on her ; although she acknowledges that no literature known to her, however modern, is so gross and void of pure sentiment as the religious books of the Hindu. She tells me that she has often blushed while reading these books. Just imagine such literature being placed in the hands of women, who have never been taught to distinguish between right and wrong !

At my last visit to my pupil, I found her greatly troubled in mind. She said, "When I take up the Bible I cannot help feeling that it is the true word of God ; but my mind gets unsettled if I read our books." Then she asked, "How am I to know which is the true religion ?" I asked her what was the character of God ? She said, "Holy, pure, true," and

several other adjectives expressive of God's attributes. These were in contradiction of the actions as ascribed in her holy shastras, but perfectly in unison with the Bible. I asked her if she did not feel convinced that all revelations from God must be an expression of his character. She fully agreed to this, and also that the Bible is the only known book to possess this qualification. It is strange they have such exalted ideas of the attributes of God, considering the source from which they receive their religious instructions. Our pupil-teacher, Lizzie, had accompanied me in my visit, and she prayed with her in Bengali. After marking a few passages of prophecy about Christ and their fulfilment, we left her more convinced of the purity of the Bible. * * *

In another house I visit I have two pupils, a mother and daughter. In every case the parents are always proud of their children's improvement; but this mother is an exception, for I never saw a woman so jealous of her daughter before. Once she declared she was going to give up learning to read, as her daughter was making more progress; but I have persuaded her to continue her studies. Their monotonous secluded life tends to make them almost childish. Her daughter had a peculiar habit of touching her head against her book whenever she came to a word which she could not remember. At first she declined saying why she did this, but after more questioning she informed me that she was doing Poojah to the goddess of learning whom the book represented, in hopes of gaining her help to improve her memory. It took a long while to make her comprehend that there was no such goddess, and her torn and soiled book was nothing more than what it appeared to be.

POLLUTION OF CASTE.

Among my pupils I have one who belongs to the sect called Brahmos, but judging from her they still cling to some of their old superstitions and forms. At one of my visits I found her in an upper room seated on a mat. Everything around her had an air of cleanliness and comfort. These features are seldom perceived in a Hindu home, however fastidious they

are in keeping the traditions of their fathers in washing of hands and other ceremonies, when contaminated by the touch of one belonging to a lower caste not as holy as themselves. My pupil is still prejudiced about such things although her religion does not sanction it. As I entered her room she asked me to be seated on a low cane seat near her mat. My clothes touched the extreme edge of it, but she raised no objections nor did I expect it of her, knowing that the Brahmos are less narrow-minded than the Hindus. But my little servant who is of the lowest caste but one, among the Hindus, entering the room after me deposited my basket of books on the mat, though not near my pupil. This was enough to disgust her, and when he departed to wait till I had done teaching, my pupil quietly hinted that he had contaminated her mat, and herself too, as she was sitting on it.

I never try to do anything purposely to shock the prejudices of my pupils, but I know that even my visits to them makes it necessary for the majority of my pupils to change their garments and use the holy influences of Ganges water to purify them from my contaminating touch, and so had no scruples in having a servant to attend me in the house. In fact I have rather liked it, to show the women that our religion is no respecter of persons. The women, however, never consider how their persons and surroundings effect us; for, in their dirty houses the atmosphere is ladened with unpleasant odors, and the books from which they read, with all the advice and example we give them often are soiled and dirty that it makes us shrink to touch them.

A pupil as soon as I entered her house said to me: "I have had trouble to get my husband's consent to continue my studies." I asked the reason, and she replied, "Have you not heard that eight ladies in Lucknow have stolen a child of twelve from her home, and made her a Christian?" I told her that I thought the story could not be just as she had related it, but that I would try and find out what it really was. She thought it had been published by a crier with a drum all over Lucknow.

INDIA—Kolapoor.

Letter from J. J. Hull.

SUCCESSFUL LABOR.

May McElroy is a faithful teacher in our girls' school. Her husband died nearly two years ago, leaving her with one child, a bright little boy, now about two years of age. As her husband died soon after the birth of the child, her lot was for some time a hard one. Her relatives looked (and still look) on the child as one of evil omen, and as the cause of the father's death—a popular Hindu belief in such cases. The mother has been too long under Christian teaching and influence to believe in such things, and she clings to her little one. Ever since her husband's death, we have been hoping to see her make a public profession of the faith which she does not hesitate to acknowledge as the only true one. She has no faith whatever in idols, and I believe has nothing whatever to do with their worship; but family influence has held her back thus far from making public profession—we are not yet hopeless however. We trust, too, that the "Hopeful Gleaners," in their gifts and in their prayers for her, will remember the significance of their name.

Maggie Saunder's case is one of much present interest to us. Though not now in school, she has evidently not forgotten what she learned there. She sends from time to time for Christian books which she prizes much. Only two or three days ago, she met one of our Christian women—"Bell Green"—and had a long talk with her. They were formerly very intimate. She said, "You did well to become a Christian, and I have wished ever since that I had gone with you. I mean to do so yet. My mother has only myself to whom to look for support; but after I have given her to earth (buried her) I shall delay no longer." She asked also for a little Marathi Book "Christianity in Madagascar," lately published, and of which she had heard. In many such cases our hopes never come to fruition; her mother may survive her, or present impressions, feelings and convictions may pass away. But I have

written so much that the "Pearl Gatherers" may take heart and "strive together with us" in prayer on her behalf.

You will be glad to know that our girls' school was never so prosperous, whether as regards numbers or progress; seventy or more enrolled with an average daily attendance of about forty-five No part of our work interests me more and seems so hopeful.

(*Communicated by Philadelphia Branch.*)

Mrs. Wilder's school was never more prosperous, although there has been in the last few days a slight falling off in the attendance. The cause of this may interest you. Fever throughout the neighborhood has been alarmingly prevalent and fatal for months past. One of our little girls was seized with it while at school, and died soon afterwards. The mother attributed it to an evil spirit, which she says dwells in our bungalow, and a number of the mothers have, in consequence, refused to send their children any longer. I have no doubt they will be back again by-and-bye. The fact that we had to part with our own little boy in the past year, makes the story of the evil spirit all the more plausible to the others. During the past year the number of pupils enrolled was about seventy, with an average daily attendance of more than forty. The progress of the pupils, too, has been unusually rapid. Two of our most earnest Christian men owe their first impressions of the Truth to a little school-book given them to read by one of our little girls, a relative of theirs. These men are, of course, very enthusiastic in their advocacy of girls' schools, and told me that in several of the homes of our girls, idols and idol-worship are things of the past; indeed, I know no branch in our educational work which is so full of promise.

Letter from Miss Lathrop.

We are glad to mention that Miss Lathrop has had a prosperous voyage thus far, and writes, under date of October 16th, from London, to the Philadelphia Branch:

I am enjoying more than I can tell the meeting of the Missionary Conference, now in session. It is a world's confer-

ence, and we see the good people from many lands. They have taken different days for reports and discussions upon the work in different countries. At the time set apart for Africa, the venerable Dr. Moffat, father-in-law of Livingstone, was present, and addressed a few earnest words to the missionaries. His heart is still warm, and his interest unabated in that country, where so great a portion of his life was spent. He is a man of powerful frame and commanding presence, one whom you would expect to exert a great influence wherever he was placed. There are many grey-headed men among the delegates, whose best strength has been given to work for their fellow-men in foreign lands.

Yesterday, India Missions were considered. Of course, I feel a more personal interest in the reports from that country than any other, and last night I came home feeling refreshed and strengthened for future work. It has been good for me, apart from home and friends, to sit at the Master's feet and learn anew the needs of the heathen world, and lose the last longing for home, in the thankfulness that I am permitted to take some small part in bringing about the glad day when the heathen shall be given to Christ for His inheritance.

Mrs. Winter of Delhi, writes : The Bishop of Madras, in his last charge, has drawn attention to the plans of a missionary whom the Church Missionary Society have put in charge of all the female education in a district of one and a half million ; seclusion not being much in vogue in that part of India, he is constantly going from town to town to inspect the schools, and the people themselves seem quite content with native teachers. India, we must remember, is not a homogeneous country ; in our part of it, the native women insist on being taught by European ladies, and no man is ever admitted into girls' schools. It has been well said : "If ever the Gospel stands in India it must be native opposed to native in demonstrating its excellence above all other systems," but we have not yet reached that stage ; therefore, "to distant and to her children ungenial climes, to lands of usage, tongue, religion wholly alien," we ask England to send the flower of her womanhood.

CHINA—Peking.

Letter from Miss Burnett.

NOT WITHOUT FRUIT.

Since last writing, nine more girls have yielded to our persuasions, unbound their small feet, and cast aside their sharp-pointed shoes, It is a pleasure to feel, that these girls have been rescued from the cruel practice which prevails so extensively, even in the native churches, and to which they cling so tenaciously.

The pupils baptized in January, prove by their conduct, the genuineness of their conversion, others younger also give good evidence of a change of heart. The eldest of our pupils after a short course of study, was married according to previous engagement. She had expressed a great desire to make a public profession of her faith in the Saviour she had learned to love, but was forbidden. She has since her marriage attended some of our Sabbath services, and though her lot in her new home is cast entirely among heathen, she still cherishes the hope of being some day permitted to unite with the church of which her mother and sister are members.

We deem it a special blessing that a native preacher can come to our court every Sabbath, as it would be a great incovenience and expense to take all the household to any of the mission chapels even were they less distant.

We have now twenty-five pupils boarding in the mission, and with our present force, prudence forbids an enlargement of the work, however urgent the case may be.

Would that the dear friends in America fully realized the importance of the work which is crowding upon us in this field. Our appeal is for the means to instruct and to support those who come from among these poor. The numbers are multiplying, but the supplies are not proportionately increased. We do not affirm that parents bring their daughters, because they value an education or wish them to learn Christian truths, but that the pupils themselves, are thristing for knowledge. Could you witness the improvement of the girls who enjoy the advantages of the mission, you would not wish to turn away

those seeking admission. Yet we do and must refuse many for lack of helpers and other resources. The native teacher can neither teach religion or science. Nor can the superintendence of the domestic and sewing departments be left to the matron any more than the teaching of mathematics to the Chinese instructor. The utmost vigilance is required in the preparation and care of the wardrobe, lest material be wasted and needless expense incurred. More time is demanded for the religious and mental training, than we can possibly command in the midst of so many other absorbing engagements.

Letter from Miss Colburn.

A GLAD WELCOME.

September 10. The long delayed mission box arrived September 6th, and it was an eventful day to us, for the tokens of loving remembrances of friends were not a few. First the likeness of our dearly loved Mrs. Doremus greeted us. It was at once assigned a prominent place, where we shall delight to contemplate the angelic expression of her whose memory is so precious and linked by ties peculiarly sacred to this mission.

The mottoes are especially welcome as they are the first to adorn our walls and are highly prized. The beautiful volumes we gratefully receive as fresh proofs of the continued interest of the donors in the China mission. The choice collection of pictures and illustrated papers are valuable helps in the Sabbath School. The dolls and toys are reserved for a Christmas entertainment, but the temptation to exhibit two of them was irresistible. They were gazed at with admiring eyes and interrogated about their ten months' journey, and why they lost their way, but like all newly arrived foreigners they were unable to reply. The varied gifts, personal and general, are all appreciated. No article was broken or defaced. To the friends who have contributed thus to the box, we would tender our united thanks for these pleasant mementoes, which speak tangibly of sympathy and interest. We would like to write to each individually, but we beg you to consider that our force is weak, and the work is heavy.

JAPAN—Yokohama.

Letter from Mrs. Pierson.

MEMORIES OF THE SUMMER.

There are words whose music never dies, there are bright pictures, whose colors never fade: sometimes radiant with the gold and rose hues of our halcyon days, enriched and softened with royal purple, or solemnized with tints of brown and threads of silver. This music re-echoes, these pictures flash back upon us, we know not by what links or associations. And so, since my return from Hakone, in the brief pauses of the daily routine, a scene full of interest rises vividly before my mind. The circumstances are these. It was a lovely Sabbath morning upon the mountains. The lake, whose surface is often wild and stormy, was calm and blue as the heaven reflected in its waters. In the background, like a lofty watch tower, with its impregnable walls and jeweled battlements stood the sacred mountain. Occasionally a sweet songster caroled forth its ecstatic melody whose theme was "praise, praise!" Had the mountains a voice, they, too, would have responded "praise! praise!" A little band of worshippers assembled that morning, at an early hour, for spiritual refreshment, and communion. It was our privilege to gather round the Lord's table to partake of the sacred emblems of His precious death. Isolated from the great body of Christians and yet partakers with them of the Divine Life, it was a solemn, impressive and profitable hour. Peace was diffused over all nature, and pervaded my heart, as I wended my way slowly homeward, to the place of my temporary sojourn; for we were only pilgrims and strangers tarrying a brief season upon that lovely mountain top. The house, in which I was located, belonged to the principal man of the village, who like many Japanese officials is poor. The summer is the only harvest time of these dwellers upon the mountains. Pilgrims from various parts of the empire pass through that region to the sacred mountain, hoping when they reach its summit, to obtain expiation and blessing, and come down clothed in white, ornamented with little bells, which tinkle as they walk. On the

route they stop at this old village for food and rest. This and the visits of foreigners are sources of revenue to the villagers, who cannot labor during the deep snows and piercing cold of winter. My landlord always reserved some rooms in his house for the accommodation of transient native guests. My apartments were in the rear of the building, opening into a picturesque little garden, overshadowed by the stately hills. Upon returning that happy Sabbath morning, I found that a large party of guests had arrived. There were many women among them, and my heart was exercised for their enlightenment and salvation. After they had finished their repast, I invited them to my apartments. They came with a natural curiosity to see and hear a foreign lady. They were seated, at my request, in their native posture upon the floor. The company consisted of nine women and three men all in middle life and nearly of the same age. They had come from Atami, a celebrated hot spring which flows at uncertain intervals. The company were residents of one neighborhood, and traveling for pleasure. I learned that this is quite customary among the elderly people of Japan. For the first time they heard the old, old story of the cross; for the first time they heard the call to repent and believe on the Lamb of God; for the first time Heaven and its blessedness were revealed to them. After singing a hymn, we distributed tracts and gospels among them and they departed. It may be that then and there some souls saw the light glimmering through the darkness, and the love of Jesus like a bright star may lead on to the dawn of perfect emancipation from sin and death. It was my desire to visit Atami but the way was not made plain. Frequently travelers from the lovely village were guests of our landlord, and we had opportunities of sowing the seed in their hearts. Truth like its Blessed Author is immortal and must prevail over ignorance and superstition. The love of Jesus will subdue the sinner's pride, and win Him back to God and Heaven. For has not Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

Letters from Miss Fletcher.

A HEATHEN FESTIVAL.

The lovely village where we spent our summer is on a lake of the same name, Hakone, and within a short walk of an old revered Buddhist monastery for centuries a great centre of religion and learning. With the change of religion which is now the Ṣhintoo worship so inculcated by those in power, and by the Imperial family, the temple has lost its glory, and only its natural beauty of situation and the remains of its former vastness are there to attract visitors. To the people it seems the sanctuary of the old "Gougau-sama" their tutelary deity, and the festival the first week in August is still observed with the same interest and the same rude ceremony.

It began on the first day of the month and continued a week. On the first day I did not see much of the festivities, but at night, every house set out a brightly colored lantern, and the town was awake nearly all night with singing, dancing girls on exhibition, and mummeries of different kinds. On the last day the "mikoshi" was borne from the temple through the streets. It is a sacred box in which the god is supposed to dwell, a big, awkward affair, black-lacquered, heavily-gilded, and surmounted by a large gilt cock, eight coolies (men of burden in the East) supported it on long poles, and before and behind came the priests, and head men of the village. They had evidently been imbibing freely at the sake-tub (saḳe is an intoxicating liquor made from rice,) and it was a shocking sight to see them in their mad frolic. But more shocking still was it to be told that it was all the influence of the god, and when the men who bore the "mikoshi" went reeling from side to side of the street, the car pitching over, as they carried it, almost to the ground, the deluded followers would seem almost wild with delight at such manifestations of the power that resided within. Can any thing short of the power of an Almighty God restore such people from their infatuation?

SYRIA—Jaffa.

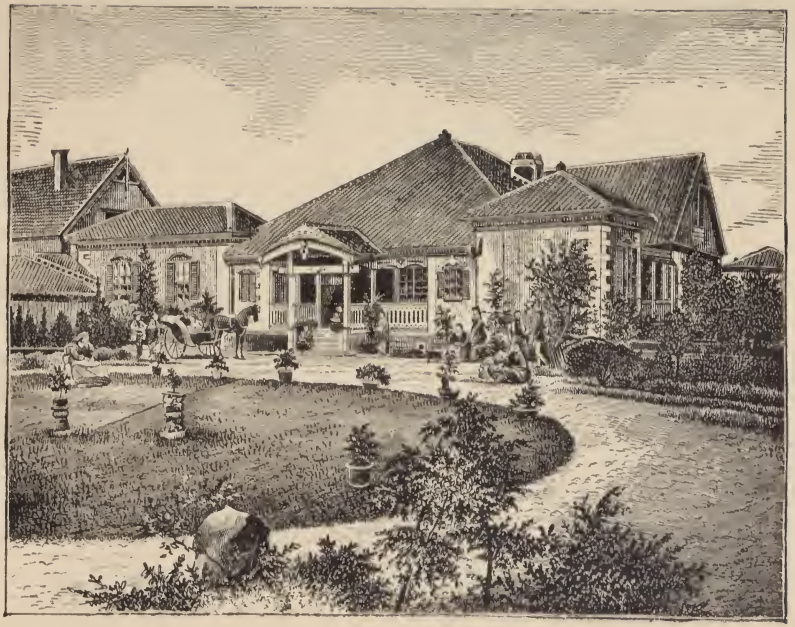
Letter from Miss Arnott.

(*Com. by Philadelphia Branch.*)

This has been a very unusual year, so much suffering and want, in consequence of the war. Many who were in quite comfortable circumstances have not known how to get bread for their children. We have therefore an unusual number of applications to receive children into the Home—indeed the importunity has been so great that I did not know how to refuse them. At present we have fifty-eight pupils living in the house, an increase of thirty since last year.

Your little protégee Jameleeh is generally obedient and tractable, but has not yet shown much aptitude for head work. She is still a mere child, and I have often observed that those who appeared the most dull at first, suddenly turn and outstrip others who were before them. I find that when I have time to take Jameleeh alone and make her read to me she is very eager to do her best. She is quick at hand work and seems as yet more at home in that department than at her books. Besides our resident girls we had this year, about one hundred and fifty attending the day school—these are Christians of the Greek persuasion, Jewesses and Moslems. In the house they are principally Greek Christians, thirteen are Jewesses and three Moslems. Two belonged to a Moslem family, but the father became a Christian a few years ago, and he, his wife and children were all baptized by the American missionaries in Beiroot. He went afterwards for safety to live in Egypt—two of his boys are at school in Jerusalem, and the two girls with me.

God's hand lies very heavily on this country, the distress has been very great, and we fear that matters will grow worse instead of better, as we had hoped when we saw the promise of an abundant harvest. The country is overrun with locusts, which have commenced their work of destruction. The wheat and barley are safe, but the maize, olives, vines and all the green things will suffer. Money is frequently sent me for the relief of the poor, which we tried to keep as quiet as possible, but in vain, they came



in such numbers that it was a hindrance to the school. We were so beset that we decided a month ago to give no more relief in the school, but to take it to their homes.

Miss Mangan, who came out with me last fall, one of the deaconesses of Meldinary Park, goes in the evening with one of our girls and visits as many as she can. She came especially for work among the poor, and says she never saw anything like the distress.

I have a meeting on Sunday afternoons for women and girls, the attendance is steadily increasing. Last Sunday there were seventy-two women besides children. A number of them are Moslems, and among them are the lame, the maimed and the blind. They are generally very attentive; it is touching to see the eagerness with which some of them listen. They need to be taught just like children. Last Sunday I had been telling them of Jesus dying for them, and then I read the beautiful description of heaven in the VIIth of Revelations. It was touching to see the eagerness with which they listened, and to hear their exclamations of delight, some of the blind women stretching out their necks as if afraid to lose a word. Though destitute of all that this world can give, may they find in Him a treasure that will endure forever.

Miss Payson, from Foochow, China, tells us: "Some times we have typhoons here, and then all the doors and windows have to be barricaded, just as though we expected a dozen thieves here to try to break in! The long beams we use to prop up against the door are called "typhoon bars," One of the children here heard so much about these bars that in one of his prayers one evening, he asked God to "put typhoon bars against the door of his heart to keep Satan out!" He was five years old.

Home Department.

Our Home in Japan.

It cannot fail to gratify those who have generously contributed to founding and sustaining our Japan Home, to see the accompanying view of it. It is only one aspect of the place where so many precious interests are centered, for the buildings are not all connected, and the grounds are large and beautiful, but it will give some idea of the style and appearance of the main building of our Home.

We are indebted to the American Tract Society for the privilege of using the plate, and we most cordially improve the opportunity to acknowledge their kindness, and commend the book lately published by them, from which the view is taken, and of which our friend, Prof. E. Warren Clark, is the author, *Life and Adventures in Japan.*

Prof. Clark has been one of our warmest and most liberal friends, and in many ways has done us good service, both at home and in Japan, for which cause, as well as for the intrinsic merits of the book, we take pleasure in recommending all our readers to supply themselves with a copy. Its descriptions are true to the life, and no one can read it without being inspired with some of the writer's enthusiasm and delight concerning that wonderful country. His commendation of our Society's work there is, of course, very gratifying to us.

M. S. Pruyn.

Incentives to Work.

As we pore over the pages of the Link, with its sheaves of light gathered "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," we find much to incite us to fresh and more vigorous efforts to sustain our dear missionaries in their opening avenues

of usefulness. Never were the needs of the heathen more imperative. Never were the encouragements and opportunities to meet them more inviting.

In our joy over the triumphs of the Cross in heathen lands, we need steadily to remember how few in proportion are the points of light, how vast and deep the surrounding darkness. As truly as when Divine inspiration first gave the sad assurance, are "the dark places of the earth," even at the present day, "full of the habitations of cruelty."

We are apt to think because British Christianity has, within the sphere of its authority, suppressed the wife burnings on the death of a husband, that at least that form of torture is at an end; but when we remember that more than half of India is still outside of British rule, and under the heel of Brahminic fanaticism, that where wife burning is not practised, the no less cruel custom of burying alive the child-wife in the grave of her husband, and like horrors, are still prevalent, surely we must be aroused to fresh earnestness in sending the Gospel to deliver our fellow creatures from the wretchedness that enslaves them in this life, and threatens to lengthen into an eternity of misery. We would not ungratefully forget the rich and sweet encouragements which the Lord has given us from the very dawn of the Zenana-work in India, and in ever-increasing measure, while we hail with peculiar thankfulness the recent good news from the south of India, where sixteen thousand natives have sent in their petition for Christian instruction.

Used as they are to utter indifference to their sufferings on the part of their priests and princes, they have been surprised and touched by the unselfish kindness of Christians during the long famine, and judging of the religion by the lives of its professed followers, their hearts are opened to its teachings.

These thousands are awakened to feel their need. Millions more are around them, dead to the Saviour's claims, but none the less in desperate need of His salvation. Shall we not bestir ourselves to share the great privilege of giving the Bread of Life to the multitudes who are perishing for want of it? The glorious promise may yet be fulfilled in our lifetime, "A nation shall be born in a day."

E. H. S.

Mission-Band Department.

A Peep Among the Orphans.

SINCE we have been living in our sunny home, it has become more and more pretty. The girls have planted their own little gardens in the plot of ground behind their school-rooms, where French beans, cucumbers and onions grow side by side with roses and balsams. One of the French poets says, "A beautiful disorder is an effect of art," so that I suppose my girls have attained to high art in the arrangement of their gardens. I let them do what they like, as I think it develops character. My careful housekeeper grows red peppers and pumpkins, my romance-loving child has a trailing, wild looking creeper that covers all her plot of earth, my lazy "ne'er do weel" has a few short sticks, marking spots where seeds were put down, but never came up for want of care. Katie Oudrey has a little garden of her own, and takes a great deal of pains with it. I was told one morning that Katie wished to speak with me, whereupon with unutterable gravity she held out her dress, and presented me with a half dozen beans, saying, "Please accept these, mamma; I have grown them all for you in my own garden."

Little Sadie's attempts to "make all her own things" are very amusing. I found her clothed one day in a most comical looking jacket, and on enquiring where it came from, she said she had made it all herself out of some scraps of muslin I had given her to dress her dolls

with. Last year Maria McIlvaine, a dear little orphan, died. Sadie and she were very great friends. Often while I was watching by Maria's sick bed, a little white apparition would glide in, and taking the fan from my hands, begin to fan Maria herself. The little figure in white always proved to be Sadie, whose love for her friend was thus shown. Sometimes I found her sitting at the foot of Maria's bed, fast asleep, with the fan in her hand still.

A little girl, a fortnight old, was picked up by the police and brought to me a month ago. She is the most miserable object I ever saw; such a poor, wizened-looking face and shriveled-up limbs; I hardly thought she could live a day, she was so famished and cold when they brought her. We call her "the little mouse."

On Tuesdays at noon, we hold our little Bengali prayer meeting, in which the girls also take their part. I wish you could hear some of them pray. Their earnest pleadings at the Throne of grace must surely call down a blessing. On Saturday morning, at seven o'clock, the girls meet to learn hymn tunes for the Sunday services. Our Bengali catechist comes over to teach them, and spends an hour in this way. On Sundays the whole school is divided into classes, the Bible class being taught by one of the ladies from the Mission Home; the lessons of this last are entirely in English, and we do not allow them to give a single answer in Bengali at such times; this method of teaching makes them very conversant with our language.

This evening one of the girls was using her English, and I heard her saying, "I dislike those who dislike me," whereupon another girl immediately turned upon her with the words, "But that is not what the Bible tells us; the book of God bids us love those who hate us, and pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us.'

I am striving hard to develop a love for reading among the girls; I make them find out passages here and there relating to different subjects, and sometimes they get quite interested. Now and then I refuse altogether to speak to them in Bengali, and make them ask in English for anything they want; this obliges them to use English words. I have promised to take to the "Meeting of Sunday-schools" as many as can repeat the five English hymns that are to be sung there. Some of them are trying hard to master this *Shibboleth*.

Some of the orphans are twenty-one. Among these are several who have made a public profession of faith in Jesus. I look to them to strengthen my hands in the good work. Two have responded heartily to the appeals I have made. The teacher of the fourth class was converted from heathenism only a few years ago. He left his family and all his friends, and was baptized in the name of Jesus. One rarely meets with such a simple-minded, earnest, working Christian as this young man is. It is quite a pleasure to hear him give the children a Bible lesson. About a year ago he married one of the girls from this school, so he feels quite at home here, and calls me "mamma," as his wife does.

MRS. A. S. PAGE.

A Silent Scholar.

SHOLLATA is a little girl about five years old, and very fond of her school, crying if not allowed to come, but never speaking a word. When I tried to make her say something, the others would cry out, "Mem, she is dumb." After being with us a few months, the "harcara" who fetches the children came to me saying, "Mem, Shollata's parents are so delighted! they told me to tell you she had said a few words." This, of course,

pleased us all, and we also wished to hear, but she was silent. A week or two afterwards, on entering the school-room a cry was raised, "Mem, she has been talking to some of us;" but the teacher added, "She will not say anything to me." Another week or two passed, and she spoke to the teacher. At last, one day on calling over the roll and saying "Shollata," she answered "Present." Since then she has tried to learn her alphabet, but does not yet talk readily. Is not this a strange case? The parents think it is my doing and are therefore delighted.

MISS HARRISS.

What "Mary Reed" is doing in Japan.

AGAIN I am pleased to write to you a few lines. The time passed quickly, and summer is here again, and we are going to separate from each other for a while, and I am wishing to do some good to my parents for Jesus's sake. I am now working daily among the women who never heard the wonderful love of our Saviour. God is blessing our meeting constantly, and I hope some day they will repent and become one of Christ's followers. I think you would like to hear about the Sunday-school. I will tell you a little about it. The school is divided into four classes; one is Mrs. Pierson's and the other is Miss McNeal's, and Mrs. Viele calls many poor children from the street. She has many strangers in her class, and Tori has the smallest girls, and we girls belong to Miss Fletcher's class. I love my teacher very much. I love my Sunday-school's lesson best of all I have in the week. I hope she will be my teacher as long as I stay in the "Home." Next Sunday fourteen people are going to be baptized. My sister Ume was wishing to be a missionary so much, but she has gone and left all her works for me to do for Jesus, so I want to be a real good missionary and spend all my life for it.

The Mountain School.

In a mountain village where we were staying last summer, we one day visited a school under the superintendence of Buddhist priests, and conducted by native teachers. For many days we had heard from our windows some distance off, the noise of voices, each of which seemed to be over-reaching the others. In despair of finding any clue to the matter, we at last walked over to the school-house, made our way through the collection of wooden shoes outside the door, and found ourselves fronting the teachers and pupils. The lessons did not cease when we made our appearance, and the shouting seemed wilder than ever when we stood beside the source of it. There were three teachers with about fifty pupils crowded into a small low room. The pupils sat at their desks fronting their respective teacher, and the latter giving out the lessons in a loud rapid voice, which those who sat under his instructions repeated in a still louder tone. Everything was thus memorized, and the curious system went on from six in the morning until twelve or one; day after day. This a specimen of the schools of the country, so far as I have seen them, although there are others conducted in a very different plan under the supervision of the minister and Boards of education.

N. FLETCHER.

A Goat for a Bible.

A Dutch missionary, who is working among the Hottentots in South Africa, thanks the British Bible Society for sending bibles and testaments to the people in his district. But he prefers that they should give something in return for the precious volume. He thinks that old and young value a thing most if it costs them some trouble to get it,

or if they pay a little, at any rate, towards the expense of it. The poor people in England and other countries bring their pennies and their shillings to pay for the Bible, and why should not the poor Hottentots give something?

But what have they got to give? That is the question. One young man said to the missionary, "If you will let me have a Bible I will do three days' work in your garden." So the missionary agreed, and as he considered that the young man's labor was worth a shilling a day, he paid three shillings to the Bible Society in the name of his voluntary workman. Four people brought goats, worth four shillings apiece, and two brought lambs, worth three shillings each, and for these they got Bibles.

In the Sunday-School, when the missionary said that that there were Bibles to be bought, one said, "I have a goat; I shall buy a Bible for myself;" and another said, "Grandpapa must give me a goat to buy a Bible with;" and another said, "I will run and ask my father for a goat." Thus were the goats turned into Bible.

NEW MISSION BANDS.

"Spring Violets," Miss Ada Stoddard, Treas., Ithaca, N. Y.
"Miss Louise Hook" Band, Miss Kate Landon, Pres., Miss Emma Harden, Vice-Pres. Miss Ella McNee, Sec., Miss Daisy Van Vorst, Treas., Schenectady, N. Y.
"Sister Ada" Band, Newark, N. J., Mrs. Dorrance,

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Louise Sumner, Brooklyn, by Mrs. G. D. Beers, Ithaca, N. Y.
Garnet McKay, Bardstown, Ky., by "Emma McKay Memorial" Band.
Mrs. C. D. Leverich, by "Leverich Memorial" Band, Corona, L. I.

Among our many gifts, the acknowledgement of which were crowded out of our last issue, we gratefully mention the loving work of an old lady who sent us gaily knit balls for our India mission. Also, two boxes of work neatly prepared for India, from Miss P. L. Smith, Walton, New York.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society from Sept. 24th to Nov. 24th*, 1878.

MAINE.

Bangor, Mrs. M. U. Coe. donation and "Link," $1 00

CONNECTICUT.

Farmington, Miss Porter's school, . 75 00
Norwalk, Young Ladies' Band, per Miss Raymond, ... 20 00
Portland, Miss White, donation and "Link," 1 00

$96 00

NEW YORK.

Albany, Miss D. M. Douw, of China, donation, per Mr. J. Townsend Lansing, ... 200 00
Brooklyn, Miss R. B. Anderson, per Mrs. R. L. Wyckoff, . . . 10 00
"Zenana Mission Band of St. Peter's Church," Mrs. H. G. Nichols, Treas., Miss Berard, 5; Mrs. Burroughs, 1; Miss Denroch, 1; Mrs. H. G. Nichols, 10; Mrs. E. V. Goodwin, 10; Mrs. H. Audley Clark, 5; Mrs. Ambler, 2; Mrs. Stagg, 1, . . . 35 00
Corona, L. I., "Leverich Memorial Band," Miss L. Main, Treas., to constitute Mrs. C. D. LEVERICH, Life Member, of which 50 for India, and 20 for Bible Reader in Japan, ... 70 00
Canandaigua, Pruyn Mission Band, per Miss Caroline B. Cook, . 18 00
Geneva, Mrs. R. H. Tuthill, donation for India and "Links," . . 6 00
Ithaca, Ladies of Ithaca, Miss J. L. Hardy, Treas., of which for "Links," 2.40; from Mission Band, "Spring Violets," Miss Ada Stoddard, Treas., 21; the remainder from Presb. Ch., for Miss Ward, of which 50 from Mrs. G. D. Beers, to make Mrs. LOUISE SUMNER, Brooklyn, Life Member, ... 93 40
Irvington, "Irvington Band," per Mrs. John Terry, ... 100 00
Kinderhook, Daisy Collier Mission Band, per Mrs. W. H. Rainey, including for "Links," 1, . . 23 25
New York, Mrs. Ernest L. Smith, . 20 00
Woman's Union Mis. Soc. of Church of the Holy Trinity, per Mrs. A. P. Dodge, for "Fanny Tyng," Calcutta, . . . 30 00
Sale of Tidy made in Athens, for work in China, ... 75
Mrs. Wm. H. Munn, gold, subscription, ... 10 00
Mrs. F. H. Wisewell, donation, . 6 00
Home S. S. of 4th Ave. Presb. Ch., Archer V Pancoast, Treas. . 50 00
Sale of Organ returned from Japan, 50 00
Plattsburg, Brittan Band, 25; Mrs. Diell, 5: Mrs. M. K. Platt, 5; Miss Crawford, 5; Mrs. Morgan, 1; Mrs. J. H. Myers, 5; Mrs. F. B. Hall, 10; Gift from friends, 4.75; per Miss Brittan, . . 60 75
Rhinebeck, "Rhinebeck Gleaners," per Mrs. A. P. Peake, to constitute a child, Life Member, . . 25 00
Schenectady, "Louise Hook Band," 1st Ref. Ch., Miss Kate Landon, Pres., 10; per Miss Page, 80; for Miss Hook's work, . . 90 00
Syracuse, Mrs. A. R. Hebbard, for "Henrietta W. Adams," Calcutta, ... 30 00
Tarrytown, Tarrytown Auxiliary, Miss Augusta See, Treas. . . 50 00

$978 15

NEW JERSEY.

Chatham, "Oak Ridge Mission Band," per Miss S. Wallace, for "Hondashee," Calcutta, . . 50 00
Miss Sarah Wallace, for freight on box to Calcutta, ... 4 00
Highlands, Mr. and Mrs. Rob't R. Proudfit, for "Tori" and "Yasu," Japan, ... 25 00
Newark, Newark Auxiliary, Mrs. E. D. G. Smith, Treas. (See items below.) 375 60
Oceanic, A Friend, for Japan, . . 5 00
Trenton, Miss Mary H. Fisk, for "Mamie Fisk;" Japan, . . 5 00

$464 60

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Miss L. M. Guthrie, passage money not required, . 50 06
Philadelphia Branch, Mrs. Chas. B. Keen, Treas.:
For Miss Jones, one quarter, . 196 00
" " Hook, " " 196 00
" " Nelson, " " 158 00
" " Lathrop, 6 months, . 300 00
" " Guthrie, 3 " 100 00
Mrs. Morris and family, for Bible Reader in India, ... 50 00
Miss M. A. Longstreth, for Bible Reader in India, ... 50 00
Mrs. F. O. Horstman, for "Lulu Ethel," in Miss Haswell's school, 30 00
Mt. Vernon Female Seminary, for "Blanche Mackay," in Mrs. Downie's school, Nellore, . . 30 00
Miss S. K. Davidson, for "Sally Lane," Calcutta, . . . 30 00
Mrs. M. M. Murray and family, for "Margaret Murray," in Miss Haswell's school, . . . 30 00

$1220 06

KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Kentucky Branch, Mrs. S. J. Look, Treas. (See items below.) $92 85

OHIO.

Springfield, Board of Missions of Methodist Prot. Ch., Mr. Thos. J. Finch, Treas., for children in Japan: Michigan Conference, for child, 60; Pittsburgh Conference, for Hannah Reeves, 40, "Crissie Crowther," 40, "Martha Collier," 13.64; N. Illinois Conference, for "Eleanor E. Mayall," 42.40; Iowa Conference, for "Ida Iowa," 38.50; Ohio Conference, for "Catharine Evans," 40, ... 274 54

Mt. Pleasant, Mrs. S. E. Jenkins, for "Sono," Japan, ... 90 00

$364 54

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chicago Branch, Mrs. P. A. Avery, Treas. (See items below.) 67 30

Rockford, Mrs. Wm. Lathrop, Rockford, 10; Miss Carrie Lathrop, Independance, Iowa, 5; Mrs. John Lathrop, Stafford, N. Y., 2; per Miss Lathrop, for her work in India, : . 7 00

1

$84 30

MISSOURI.

St. Louis, St. Louis Branch, Mrs. S. W. Barber, Treas. (See items below.) $36 85

SCOTLAND.

Glasgow, George Smith & Sons, reduction returned on Miss Lathrop's passage, ... $48 60

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR "MISSIONARY LINK."

Mrs. Southmayd. 3.00; Mrs. Z. S. Ely. 4.40; in small amounts, 13.65, ... 21 05

Sale of "Kardoo," 13 75; Miss Haskell, "Kardoo," and postage, 57 cts. 14 32

Premium on gold, ... 15

Total from Sept. 24th to Nov. 24th, $3,422 47

MRS. J. E. JOHNSON,
Ass't Treasurer.

RECEIPTS *of Newark Branch.*

By Miss E Few Smith, Mrs. C. Howell, for Miss Brittan's work, 5 00

By Mrs. Anna Pierson, Calvary Ch., for Bible Reader, . . . 33 50

By Miss S. Wallace, "Little Leaf Blades," Sussex Ave., for "Hondashee," in Calcutta, . . . 25 00

Also, from subscribers, . . . 20 00

By Mrs. E. F. Dorrance, from "Sister Ada" Band, for support of little girl, ... 50 00

By Mrs. Van Arsdale, Mrs. Joseph Tuttle, 5; Mrs. Fred. Teese, 3; Miss C. Johnson, 5; Miss C. Halsey, 5; Miss Julia Halsey, 5; Mrs. Theo. Coe, 1; Mrs. W. Lewis, 1; Mrs. J. Van Arsdale, 5; Miss Mary Toler, 1; Miss Catharine Toler, 1, . . . 32 00

By Mrs. C. S. Graham and Mrs. J. Ward, 2nd Presb. Ch. . . 38 00

By Miss Avery, Woodside, . . 20 00

By Mrs. S. Baldwin, ... 5 00

Mrs. G. Harrison, "Link," . . 60

By Mrs. W. A. Whitehead, Trinity Ch., Mrs. W. A. Whitehead, 5; Mrs. Benedict, 5; Mrs. G. Lockwood, 5; Mrs. Brientnall, 5; the Misses Gifford, 2; Mrs. Smalley, 2; Mrs. Johnson. 2; Mrs. Alex. Campbell, 2; Mrs. Bartram, 1; Mrs. Mackie, 1; Mrs. H. Duryee, 1; Mrs. E. N. Miller 1; Miss G. Ogden, 1, . 33 00

By Miss J. W. Abeel, N. Ref. Ch., Mrs. E. B. Polhemus, 2; Miss Polhemus, 2; Miss Mary Polhemus, 2; Mrs. Rob't Ballantine. 20.50; Miss Bessie B. Clark, 25; Mrs. S. H. Condict, 1.50; Mrs. John Duncan, 1; Mrs. F. R. Van Nest, 2.50; Miss Sarah E. Hays, 2.50; Mrs. R. B. Symington, 5; Mrs. Fette, 2; Mrs. J. Taylor, 1.50; Mrs. A. Clark, 1.50; Mrs. W. H. Lyon, 1; Miss Ida Wagner, 5; Mrs. J B. Kilburn, 1; Mrs. P. Jones, 1; Mrs. D. A. Depue, 1; Miss H. Steele, 1; Miss E. E. Howell, 3; Miss Mary Duryee, 2; Miss C. R. Duryee, 2; Miss Amy Duryee, 1; Miss Maria Pienovi, 1; Mrs. Joseph Pienovi, 1; Mr. J. Pienovi, 1.50; Mrs. Leverich, 1; Miss Abeel, 1; Mrs. F. T. Frelinghuysen, 5; Miss J. W. Abeel, 2; Mrs. Dr. E. D. G. Smith, 3; Donation, 10; Miss Duncan, 1, ... 113 50

$375 60

MRS. DR. E. D. G. SMITH,
Treasurer.

RECEIPTS *of Chicago Branch.*

Mrs. M. M. Parkhurst,	3 00
Mrs. G. Hubbard, for Mary Grant, in Calcutta,	5 00
Miss Hunt,	5 00
Mrs. Noble, Elizabethtown, N. Y.	10 00
Mrs. L. M. Rumsey,	10 00
Mrs. Gen'l Stager, quarterly payment for Bible Reader, Japan,	12 50
Mrs. H. M. Humphrey, for girl in Japan,	20 00
"Links,"	1 80
	$67 30

MRS. P. A. AVERY,
Treasurer.

RECEIPTS *of Kentucky Branch.*

"Nee Sima" Band, per Mrs. H. M. Browne, Springfield, for Mrs. Pierson's salary,	25 00
"Emma McKay Memorial" Band, per Mrs. H. M. Browne, Springfield, to make GARNET MCKAY, Bardstown, Life Member,	30 00
"Alice La Fon Memorial" Band, per Miss Mary La Fon, for Little Widows' Home, Calcutta,	20 00
"Mamie Phillips Memorial" Band, per Mrs. Wm. M. Campbell,	17 00
"Links," and fine,	85
	$92 85

MRS. S. J. LOOK,
Treasurer.

RECEIPTS *of St. Louis Branch.*

"Earnest Workers," per Mrs. T. B. Dyer,	16 00
Mrs. J. L. Buskitt, for Mary Lawrence, Calcutta,	20 25
"Link,"	60
	$36 85

MRS. S. W. BARBER,
Treasurer.

RECEIPTS *of Phila. Branch from Sept. 22d to Nov. 21st, 1878.*

Through Mrs. Wm. W. Keen: Mrs. F. O. Horstmann, for support of "Lulu Ethel," in Miss Haswell's school,	30 00
Through Miss A. M. Kennard: Mt. Vernon Seminary, for support of "Blanche," in Mrs. David Downie's school at Nellore,	30 00
Through Miss M. A. Longstreth: Mrs. A. L. Lowry, for the education of "Alice," in Calcutta Orphanage,	50 00
Margaret J. Handy, 5, do. "Link," 50 cts.; Anna Shipley, 2, do. "Link," 50 cts.; Dinah Shannon, 1; M. A. Longstreth, "Links." 1, 18 Chromos sent by Miss M. A. Longstreth to the Home in Allahabad.	60 00
Through Mrs. G. Albert Lewis: Mrs. Anna T. Eldridge, 1; Miss S. Rittenhouse, 1; Miss Augusta Taber, 1; Mrs. Edwin A. Lewis, 2; Mrs. John A. Lewis, 2; Miss Julia L. Lewis, 1; Miss Katharine H. Lewis, 1; Mr. J. W. Gilbough, 5; Mrs. C. K. Inglis, 1; Miss A. Vansant, 1; Mrs. Wm. Carpenter, 1; Mrs. Archibald Campbell, 2; Mrs. Morgan, 1; Mrs. G. Albert Lewis, 2,	22 00
Through Miss Anna M. Peters: Miss E. K. K. Wetherill, 7.50; Miss A. M. Peters, 5,	12 50
Through Mrs. Stotesbury: Rev. Epis. Ch., Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. Stotesbury Committee, Margaret Bucknell Band, 73.10; Mrs. Stotesbury, 5,	78 10
Through Mrs. T. S. Foster: Mrs. T. S. Foster, 10,	10 00
Interest on Harriet Holland Estate,	490 00
Interest on Mary A. Boardman Fund,	36 50
Mrs. R. C. Matlack,	10 00
	$828 60

MRS. C. B. KEEN,
Treasurer.

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